

A HIGHWAY FOR GOD!

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE TRACK.

Commentator.
 Look up! The phantom clouds of gray—
 Grim ghosts of storm—have passed away;
 The valley of the sky is gone,
 And downward shines the setting sun.
 Thus art, oh! sky, serene and clear—
 A symbol of our country here!
 What country, framed in bow or flower,
 Can see a sky so clear as ours?
 Peace throws her mantle, broad and true,
 O'er all that peaceable will be.
 While liberty for every race
 Has made this land a refuge place.

The Queen's Highway has not unduly been the title that has by some been given to the wondrous road of iron that cuts its way through the mighty mountains, and skips alike over valley and flood in its route between the two mighty oceans that wash the eastern and western shores of our Dominion. But proper and fitting as the title might be, we thought as we rushed over its succeeding miles a few weeks ago, that a higher and more noble setting lay before it if used by sanctified hearts and hands as a means of carrying the salvation message to all who have set out, or shall in future take up their abode along its marvellous track.

One often has heard of the wondrous works of nature to be seen in this and other parts of the world, and by this means has formed an idea of God's marvellous handiwork. But when permitted to behold them in all their reality how much more does the Christian man adore his Father who is

THE ARCHITECT AND BUILDER OF ALL.

Nay, more, as he enjoys and makes use of all the various means at hand to facilitate and add comfort to his travels, which are the outcome of human ingenuity and skill, and the creation of human mind and brain; his heart is lifted up to the great First Cause who has so endowed and elevated human thought and idea, and given such colossal victories to their exercise.

To describe my own feelings when speeding through the Rockies on this great new road is impossible. Whilst many around me were filled with delight at the massive grandeur of nature, and were apparently held as by a spell with the grandeur of the scene, others were even more astonished at the engineering triumphs of the road, and lost in futile calculations of the millions of treasure expended. But whilst all I could only look to Him who in His infinitude of wisdom and power had alike built the "cloud-capped towers" of the mountains, and given mind and vigor and energy to those who had bridged the precipitous and valleys between them. And my mind ran on to the time when all should be dissolved, and mountain and valley and the handiwork of skill and energy, and treasure and material should alike flee before His presence; and very great came the promise of the prophet Isaiah, "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath had mercy on thee."

Oh how glad my heart was of this assurance, and I bowed in adoration as remembering my own vain unworthiness, I glorified my Lord for His great love even to me. Now I remarked too, how exactly does the dear Lord fit His connotations to our circumstances; I had been made and over come few recent occurrences and my

heart was somewhat heavy, when He brought so really to me this precious promise, in the midst of mountains. I am sure that many of my readers too, have had the like experience, that God to them has made His word so sweet in times of trial, and darkness, and has so made the shadows flee before His presence, that their hearts have been filled with gladness, and their very countenances radiant with joy. Truly our God is wonderful and wise, alike in His handiwork and in His dealings with man,
 My mind too, as we rushed on along our

coming millions' salvation, and for the pleading in their midst of

THE STANDARD OF OUR CHRIST.

Oh, what a mighty factor in God's plan may this grand highway be made. From the busy hum of old world cities, from their over-crowded slums and lanes, where bread is scarce, and honest labour a drug, shall a people come who under a fairer sun and more advantageous circumstances, may be won for Christ. Shall come—did I say—why are they not coming now? and already there is soul-hunger in the land.

our enemy. May God help us to rise to our responsibilities, men and women, and means, and brains, and energies are needed to seek the land with truth, and fill His every valley and crown it with mountain peak with the rays that shine forth from the Sun of Righteousness.

May the great Orb in His quick change, From mountain range, to mountain range, From valley to rich valley o'er, From river shore, to river shore, May ray on ray from this blessed Sun, The radiant halo, and save us all, Until He dips His blood red crest Into the ocean of the West.

OUR SALVATION LIBRARY.

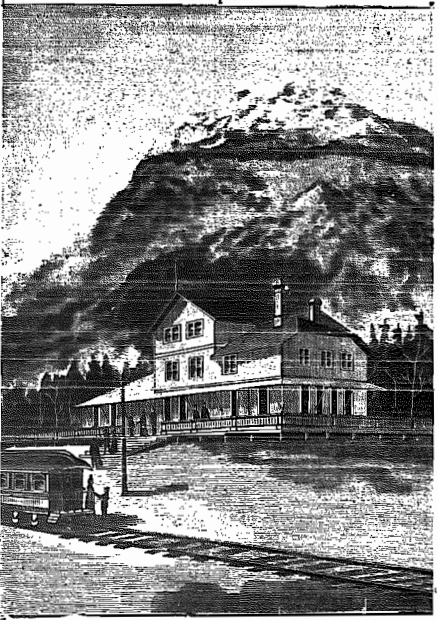
Some New Additions.

"POPULAR CHRISTIANITY," by Mrs. General Booth. A new book from the pen of Mrs. Booth is sure to be eagerly welcomed by all Salvationists, and not alone by these but by the vast circle all round the world of all sorts and shades of religious thought to whom her books, and herself through her writings, have become close and valued friends. This last work is a collection of lectures which, though delivered some time ago, now for the first time see the light in book-form. It consists of some seven lectures for the most part dealing with the false Christ and popular slanders of the present age as contrasted with the Christ of God and the realities of the Bible. We need hardly say that these subjects are dealt with with all Mrs. B's trenchant reasoning and sound common sense logic put forth with all the power, pathos and feeling, that have marked her many previous heart-talks, which have made her a valued and appreciated leader of sound religious thought. We can confidently predict a large sale in the Dominion as soon as a stock of this work is received.

"DEAR TARY" (Elizabeth Ilcees Swift). The quaint, illuminating, heart-touching style of our comrade's writings have found for herself a warm place in Salvation hearts, and her looks are ever found a cherished ornament to Salvation homes. Dear Tary is a collection of Salvation incidents relative to the victories of the grand old drum, and these are presented in our comrades most charming style and are sure to find their way to the hearts and sympathies of every reader. The book is in its second up, etc. is a triumph of the printer's art and we know of no more suitable or acceptable Salvation Christmas present.

"CALLED OUT" (Herbert H. Booth and Emma M. Booth). Here we have a very interesting series of papers by the "messenger" and "messenger" of the Train, relative to the many victories that have been accomplished all round by the Cadets from Clapton. There are also some papers by Staff-Capt. B. Cox and Harding, which, like all their writings, are full of interest and blessing. Like both the above, "Called Out" is perfect in its get-up and finish, and with these will form a splendid addition to the Salvationists' book-case.

—When thou feellest a disposition to sin, seek for a place where God cannot see thee.



AMONGST THE ROOKIES ON THE C. P. R.

journey, went out to the coming time, when all these vast plains and valleys should become the dwelling places of busy millions of the human race. I could in anticipation see the prairies gilded with the standing grain. I could hear the blowing and blasting in the mountain gorges, as men digged and delved for the mineral treasures our good God has hidden there; and a thousand other sounds came to my mind's ear, speaking of the mighty people that by and by should live and toil, and die, and be buried in the bosom of this goodly land, and my heart went out for the

and few, very few, to break the Bread of Life. Comrades of the Canadian Wind, here is a work for me and a work for you, and through us on this Queen's Highway be made a highway of salvation for the people, and a path for those that are on the King's business. The land lies before us in all its pristine glory;—beautiful in its primeval purity; as yet but little contaminated by the hand of evil,—in a sense unblemished as it came forth at the fiat of its Creator. Much depends upon us, whether it will be kept for God or fall a prey to His and



Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 I Heard the Drum.

BY "MAG," LINDSEY.
From "An Island with Snow Fire."

I heard the drum while walking down the

I heard the sound of drums;

And turning round said to my friend,

I heard the drum.

We looked and saw a happy throng

Of old and happy young,

Their faces lit and free from care,

And as they marched they sang.

I'm satisfied with Jesus here,

He's everything to me;

His dying love has won my heart,

And now I see him here.

I'm satisfied—the words went home,

As nothing else could do;

For years had I been striving hard,

This happiness to

I'm satisfied—could this be true,

Had they salvation found?

And as I looked I saw them kneel,

And sing upon their knees.

I listened then to each one's voice

About this love Divine,

How Jesus suffered on the cross,

To win a heart like mine.

Although I'd wandered far from home,

In sin of every kind;

Who led me all my longest and,

This love was mine.

I followed them into their hall,

And heard them speak of heaven,

The glories which awaited all,

Who led me all my longest and,

This love was mine.

When kneeling down at Jesus' feet,

Confessing all my sin;

I saw the love of God,

With all my heart to sing.

2 Its There I'm Going to be.

CAPTAIN KIDDE KELLY.
From "Marching Through Victory."

I'm sure to gain the day,

For I am our Captain and He over

clears the way.

No foe can stand before us in the Hall-

ahs of glory.

While fighting before us to Jesus.

I'm going to be,

There it is, there, in the land of liberty;

We'll lead and Christ God's praise where

we move more free.

And give all the glory to Jesus.

There are many not our progress stay,

And tell us not to do,

Such vain things as we least the drums and

so-and-so you know;

But our God does know it to bring poor

Jesus to us.

To the light and liberty of Jesus.

So in the strength of God we go, led by

the Holy Ghost,

To tell the world of Jesus' might, and the

power of His blood.

To cleanse the most polluted hearts of every

strain of sin,

And give them a home in heaven.

See Him hanging on the tree,

Wondrous, wondrous love;

Hanging bleeding to set us free,

To cleanse our souls from

every stain of sin.

Then the moment came at last

When he yielded up the Ghost;

He finished, was his cry.

We wondrous love.

Now, poor sinner! will you come,

Start to make Heaven your home;

Come while there still is room,

Will you come?

Don't say you have plenty of time,

Before to-morrow you may die;

To-day is the accepted time,

If you will, you will come.

And of this love I now do tell.

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See

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 to a attack upon the kingdom of the wicked
 the most confident efforts to extend the
 of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ,
 with all N. A. Philanthropists at the present